

LIFE

VOL. 79
Comp.



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A Man of Letters

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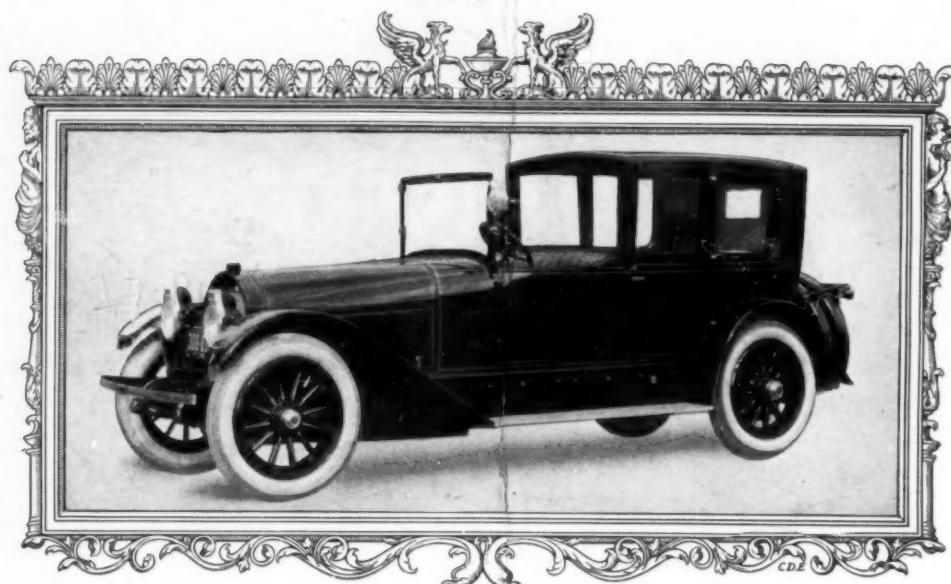
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LOCOMOBILE



In these days when high quality in manufacture is so often slighted, the makers of the Locomobile announce that there will be no diminution in their efforts to make the finest car possible.

The personnel who guided the car to recognition and fame will work unceasingly that there may be always a motor car of such character that Americans can point to it with pride as being representative of what the country produces when it tries hard enough.

THE LOCOMOBILE COMPANY

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

Rhymed Reviews

Gold Shod

(By Newton Fussell, Boni & Liveright)

THESSE Glindens, born with soaring wings,
Had all the foolish trick of yielding
To women wanting Wealth and Things;
And that's the way it was with
Fielding.

His grandpa, Anton, thrust aside
A music-lover's high ambition
To win a home, and lived and died
A plodding, minor-town physician.

Then Fielding's father meekly did
Whatever Wife and Mother willed
him;
His bookish gifts were lost or hid,
And making lounges quickly killed
him.

So Fielding likewise let the breath
Or flow of Inspiration stagnate;
To please his wife, aggressive Beth,
He blossomed out a motor-magnate.

He spiced the quest of Power and Gold
With love-adventures, quite informal.
(All Truly Modern authors hold
That Infidelity is Normal.)

We leave him ranked among the best,
With fame that couldn't well be
brighter,
Yet stirred by longings, half-repressed;
He knew he should have been a
Writer.

I cannot take his woes to heart
And curse out Fate, that wicked
broker.
His Genius was for Trade; in Art
Hemighthave reached—the Mediocre.

If Talent in the chase of Pelf
May die, what Might-Have-Been is
gammon;
But Genius will assert itself
In spite of Ashtoreth or Mammon.
Arthur Guiterman.

Commercial Item

MRS. SMITH stepped into a little store at the corner to purchase seven-eighths of a yard of oil cloth. Mrs. Cohen, the storekeeper's better half, waited upon Mrs. Smith. Poor Mrs. Cohen, after puzzling a bit over the seven-eighths, stepped to the back of the store and called: "Papa, vat is seven-eighths? Mrs. vants dat much by the oil cloth." The answer came back promptly: "Mamma, tell her we hain't got dat; she bedder take a yard unt a quarter."

ALICE: Gladys is an expert gossip.
VIRGINIA: Tells everything?
ALICE: No—knows just what to
leave out.

61044



Ask Us Now

This test will delight you

Again we offer, and urge you to accept, this new teeth-cleaning method.

Millions now employ it. Leading dentists, nearly all the world over, are urging its adoption. The results are visible in whiter teeth wherever you look today.

Bring them to your people.

The war on film

Dental science has declared a war on film. That is the cause of most tooth troubles. And brushing methods of the past did not effectively combat it.

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. Then night and day it may do serious damage.

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Very few people have escaped the troubles caused by film.

Two film combatants

Now two combatants have been found. Many careful tests have proved their efficiency.

A new-day tooth paste has been

Pepsodent PAT.OFF.
REG.U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

The scientific film combatant, which brings five desired effects. Approved by modern authorities and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

created, and these two film combatants are embodied in it. The paste is called Pepsodent.

Now every time you brush your teeth you can fight those film-coats in these effective ways.

Also starch and acids

Another tooth enemy is starch. It also clings to teeth, and in fermenting it forms acids.

To fight it Nature puts a starch digestant in saliva. She also puts alkalis there to neutralize the acids.

Pepsodent multiplies the salivary flow. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. It multiplies the alkalis. Thus these teeth protecting forces, twice a day, are much increased.

They must be done

These things must be done. Teeth with film or starch or acids are not white or clean or safe. You know yourself, no doubt, that old tooth-brushing methods are inadequate.

See what the new way does.

Make this pleasant ten-day test and watch your teeth improve.

A few days will tell

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

Do this now. The effects will delight you and lead to constant delights. To all in your home they may bring new beauty, new protection for the teeth.

10-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 575, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family



A monster that spoke with a thousand tongues would be a poor disseminator of information as compared with the Mimeograph. Forty thousand messages is its easy daily grist. In the evolution of man-made things the Mimeograph stands alone as the speediest means of duplicating all kinds of typewritten letters, bulletins, forms, plans, diagrams, and free-hand sketches. Neatly and exactly it does its rapid work. But its outstanding merit is that it is one of the greatest money savers ever invented by man. And that is the reason why you should give it serious consideration today. If you are anxious to get greater efficiency from your present equipment, or maintain high-pressure standards even with inadequate forces, you will be interested in our booklet "W-1". Ask for it now. A. B. Dick Company, Chicago—and New York.





Life

The American Humorist's Creed

I Believe:

That all professors are congenitally absent-minded.

II

That all young brides persist in baking hard, unpalatable biscuits, thereby causing their husbands intense discomfort.

III

That all office boys murder their grandmothers every year on the day the baseball season opens.

IV

That all tramps dread water more than they dread hell.

V

That all spinsters look under their beds every night in the hope that they will find one or more burglars there.

VI

That all boarding-house keepers serve nothing but hash and prunes.

VII

That all persons who are annoyed by cats howling at night throw shoes at them.

VIII

That all chorus girls go out to supper parties every evening after the show and eat quantities of broiled live lobster.

IX

That all little boys spend their time asking their parents to define the difference between an optimist and a pessimist.

X

That all Irishmen preface their remarks with, "Bedad," "Bejabbers," or "Begorra," and pronounce "sure" as though it were spelled "shure."



Milliner: I wish you'd settle my bill, Miss Filmer. You don't want me to bring suit, do you?

Movie Star: Why not, my dear woman? Think of the publicity for both of us.



Sanctum Talk

HELLO, LIFE!"

"Why, heilo, Joe Tumulty; how you did scare me. I thought at first it was George Creel. Sit down."

"Can't stop; I just dropped in to ask you if you will review my new book; and don't try to be funny, either."

"Tell me what you mean."

"I mean, don't refer to it as if I had written it about myself, instead of Woodrow Wilson; that's old stuff."

"Well, what shall I say about it?"

"Oh, you know; just hit it off in your own wonderful way; don't ask me to write a book review; it's bad enough to have to write a book."

"But, look here, Joe, did you have to write it? Wasn't Woodrow Wilson bad enough ofi, anyway? Now, honest."

"There you go again; trying to be funny."

"I'm not, Joe; I am only trying to be serious; and it's hard to be serious with a chap who takes himself as seriously as—"

"Come now, let's be shamelessly brutal and honest and—"

"As man to man."

"Well, as Irishman to Irishman. Is it true what they say about my book—that instead of vindicating Wilson, I have only made matters worse; that my facts are all wrong, that I can't write?"

"Why don't you ask Henry Ford? He knows about non-historical books."

"But I want you to tell me, LIFE. You have always been so fair to Me and Woodrow. Do I know anything about Woodrow, anyway?"

"Probably not, Joe. Look here, what is this book you are talking about?"

"Why, it's a book called 'Woodrow Wilson as I Knew Him.' Now, for God's sake, LIFE, don't joke about it; don't begin by asking who Mr. Wilson is. Tell me! I want to be told."

"Good Lord! You talk as if you expected me to read the book; really, Joe, old fellow, this is too much."

"But I know a fellow who's read it." "That's a good one! Well, so long!" "Um—s'long, LIFE."

T. L. M.

Disarmament

QUOTH Cupid, "No more capers! Well, I have had my fling; I see by all the papers, Disarmament's the thing."

"The world is tired of tooting,
And tired of war's alarms;
The world gives up its shooting,
The world lays down its arms."

"The thought my spirit harrows,—
But I'm a patriot,—so,
I'm going to scrap my arrows,
I'm going to junk my bow."

"And when I drop the curtain,—
When all my tactics cease,—
Of one thing I am certain,
Some people will have peace!"

Carolyn Wells.

Going!

THE tired-looking commuter shook his head sadly.

"Yes," he added to his but half-interested fellow-travelers, "she was good, as cooks go,—and as cooks go, *she went!*"

Right-O

"Who," asked the professor of the student, "was Homer?"

"The guy Babe Ruth knocked out," was the reply.

It Depends on the Gender

"I say, governor, is a woman as old as she looks?"

"Yes, my boy, and a man is only old when he stops looking."



Conscientious Burglar: I regret to say, sir, that I shall have to ask you to take back a hundred of this; a cent more would boost my income into the 30 per cent. tax class.



Ina Claire

In "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife"

EIGHT wives some think not quite *au fait*,
And look with scorn on such redundancy.
But that's mere prejudice; one may,
By taking wives in great abundance,
Find just the girl in all the land
On whom one might one's heart bestow.
Can they know women, I demand,
Who only one wife know?

And think what joy when one has tried
And spurned both dark and fair,
To reach, at last, so rare a bride
As lovely Ina Claire!
Unless one's had a wide selection
One cannot hope to find perfection.

Louise Saunders.



Old Lady: Oh! Shame, little girl! You shouldn't say you hate anyone.
Little Girl: I guess I got a right to hate me own brother if I want to, ain't I?

Turning an Honest Energy-Dollar

MR. FORD'S plan for issuing currency based on potential energy instead of on gold comes just in time to clear things up in my family. The telephone company has begun to stick a little notice on the bill, even going so far as to set a date.

As I understand it, instead of having gold in the Treasury to back up its notes, the Government would print on a ten-dollar bill: "The United States Government will pay to the bearer ten foot-pounds of energy now on deposit in the nitrate plant at Muscle Shoals."

If this can be worked, I see no reason why I shouldn't make the grocer and the milkman happy at last. I can get out an attractive issue of paper money (nothing cheap, mind you, but printed on nice coated stock) in denominations of ten, fifty and one hundred foot-pounds of energy.

If the Government has a great source of potential power in Muscle Shoals, so have I in my two young boys, aged six and two. In a few years (if I have anything to say about it) they will be out earning money for Daddy. They ought to earn a lot of money, when you consider all that I have done for them, especially the two-year-old, who has done nothing but eat his head off ever since he came with us. They are both husky boys and a good hard day's work would be easy for them.

I might print their pictures, one at each end of the bill, where Lewis and Clark now stand. They would show up just as well as Benjamin Harrison does, considered as sources of potential energy. In place of the stupid-looking buffalo, we might show a pile of the things they have broken, in case the exact amount of energy should come into

question. The only thing is, I hate to go ahead on this private issue of paper-money without permission from someone in authority. You are likely to be misunderstood if you go plunging forward in a matter of this kind. But the sooner Mr. Ford gets the thing to working, the better it will be for me and for the tradespeople in my town.

R. C. B.

A Minor Song of Hate
(With Apologies to Dorothy Parker)

LORD! how I hate to make a bed—
 Epitome of life's infertile chores!
 I poke and tuck and sweat to do it well—
 And then get in and knock it all to H—!

E. F.



Life's Calendar for January



John Held Jr.

By Marc Connelly and George S. Kaufman

1—Su.—**NEW YEAR'S Day:** 14,276 recipients of unexpected New Year's cards send out 14,276 New Year's cards, dated Dec. 29. Betsy Ross born, 1752. Emancipation Act in effect, 1863. Parcel Post inaugurated, 1913; all parcels mailed on opening day safely delivered to addressees, 1914.

2—M.— **(C)** Twenty-five million persons, before throwing away New Year's cards, rub fingers over them to see if they are really engraved, 1922. First Olympic games; Norwegians break ski jumping records, 1453, B. C. Robbers raid post office at Limerick, Ireland, presumably in attempt to get correct version of the one about the pelican, 1920.

3—Tu.—**Battle of Princeton,** 1877; Yale still favored in betting, 1922. Half a million persons crack jokes about still writing it 1921, 1922. Balm salesman driven out of Gilead, 3627.



4—W.—Utah admitted to Union; called a Smoot operation, 1896. Publication of statistics for 1921 show 14,826 shines ruined by hostesses stepping on guests' feet while searching for buzzers under dinner tables, 1922. David W. Griffith opens negotiations for film rights to Wells's "Outline of History" for the Gish sisters, 1922.

5—Th.— **O** Indians capture John Smith; Pocahontas realizes it is Leap Year, 1608. "Battle of Kegs"; first use of American floating mines, 1777. Maine reports heavy snowstorm; Delaware peach crop gets ready to be ruined, 1922.

6—F.—First telegraph instrument, 1838; first messenger boy joke, 1838. New Mexico admitted to Union, 1912.

7—Sa.—First Presidential election; Ohio not only doubtful but not even present, 1789. Millard Fillmore, thirteenth President, born, 1800. Bootleggers' Chamber of Commerce predicts bumper year, 1922.

8—Su.— **(C)** First annual Presidential message; average citizen reads a fifth of it, 1790. Battle of New Orleans, 1815. Tea discovered, 342, B. C. Seven million cups ruined by too much water, 1922.

9—M.—First shot fired in Civil War, 1861. J. W. Schloss, New York architect, wins competition for new Gloria Swanson coiffure, 1922. Patron consults soda fountain menu card before ordering his drink, 1987.

10—Tu.—Ethan Allen, 1789. Standard Oil Co. incorporated, 1870. Standard Oil Co. attacked as trust, 1870. Harvey invents steel armor plate; dairy lunches serving on it, 1888. Villa killed by own men, 1916, 1917, 1918.

11—W.—A. Hamilton born, 1804. Coshocton, Ohio, man discovers that new shoes are too tight before leaving store, 1891. Piece of ham accidentally falls into frying pan with egg, and ham and eggs are invented, Byzantium, 390 B. C.

12—Th.—John Hancock born; personally signs birth certificate, 1737. Eli Whitney invents cotton gin, 1793. Ten million other inventors leave out the cotton, 1922.

13—F.—Sam—Woods-worth, author of "The Old Oaken Bucket," born, 1785; parodies become mass covered, 1856. Baseball magnates hold annual meeting in New York; real news item gets onto sports page, 1922.



14—Sa.—British burn Capital at Washington; business goes on as usual, 1801. Machine for eating toast in bed without getting crumbs under the covers invented, 1937.

15—Su.—First American locomotive, 1831. First engineer photographed with watch for magazine advertisements, 1831. Federals capture Fort Fisher, 1865. F. Scott Fitzgerald discovers the next generation, 1919.

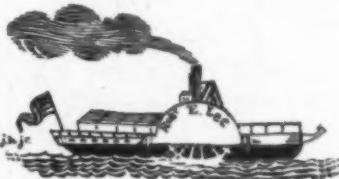
16—M.— **H** Garfield issues Heatless-Monday proclamation, 1918. Queen Liliuokalani of Hawaii deposed; 50,000 Americans have tongues ironed out, 1893. Eighteenth Amendment proclaimed in effect, 1920. Who cares? 1922.

17—Tu.—Benjamin Franklin, famous magazine publisher, born, 1706. Cain married; first mother-in-law joke, 1825 B. C. Rupert Hughes defends the movies, 1922.

18—W.— **D**aniel Webster born, 1782. Electric signs on Broadway begin burning at noon, 1921. Season's first hurdy-gurdy appears; same tunes as last year, 1922. Electric trolley system patented; receivership invented, 1892.

19—Th.—Robert E. Lee, godfather of famous steamboat, born, 1807. Edgar Allan Poe born, 1809. First Crusade started; Isadore Einstein arrested as spy, 1096.

20—F.—**R**obert Morris, financier of American Revolution, born, 1734. Little Wonder Dynamite Company patents apparatus for loosening salt in restaurant salt cellars, 1922.



21—Sa.—Stonewall Jackson born, 1824. Pullman Porter really shines a pair of shoes, 1906.

22—Su.— ***** Queen Victoria dies, 1901. President Wilson coins "Peace without victory" in address to Senate, 1917. Everybody knows what he meant, 1922.

23—M.—Congress appoints first Tuesday after the first Monday in November as national election day; those who wanted it to be the third Wednesday after the second Friday want to know if there is any justice, 1845.

24—Tu.—Samuel Morse first demonstrates his telegraph code, 1838. James Wilson Marshal discovers gold in California, 1848. So do the movie men, 1910.

25—W.—Philadelphia man breaks shoe lace while not in a hurry to keep important engagement, 1918. World's record established when initials pasted in derby hat remain in place for three days, 1920.

26—Th.— **C** Thirty-two fashion magazines begin annual Palm Beach photograph season, thus greatly increasing the chances of the Socialist party, 1922. First settlement in Australia; kangaroos begin getting boxing lessons, 1788.

27—F.—Edison patents incandescent lamp, 1880. Ten thousand persons discover they make a fine noise when they're smashed, 1880. Don't-blow-out-the-gas joke fights for its life, 1881.

28—Sa.—Panama railroad completed; hatless passengers drive conductors frantic looking for place to stock ticket receipts, 1855. Shoe horn invented, 782.

29—Su.—William McKinley born, 1843. Kansas admitted to Union, 1861. First California Redwood used as public thoroughfare, 1853.

30—M.— **C** James G. Blaine born, 1830. Hours of collection printed on mail box in Tallahassee, Florida, turn out to be correct, 1906. Theatre ticket speculation stopped, 1901-1922, incl.

31—Tu.—Thirteenth Amendment adopted, 1865. One school child in Reading, Pa., is able to say what the Thirteenth Amendment is all about, 1922. Actor takes a full three seconds to write a check during the action of a play, 1971.

Life*Lines*

DISARMAMENT — say it with Powers.

Ireland at last has found a four-leaf shamrock.

It remains to be seen what kind of ploughshare a shillalah will make.

The newspapers report an "intellectual slump" in Europe. Anyhow, they had some place to slump from over there.

The after-Xmas song: "Ain't We Got Funds?"

How many conferences will it take to bring about earth control?

Suggesting a League of Nations is merely starting to Borah trouble.

The farmer who recently raised a prize five-pound cucumber must have found it a bit cucumbersome.

"Space is, for the most part, emptiness," says "The Outline of History." Why, then, does Mr. Wells take up so much of it?

The show business is neutral on the subject of disarmament, but just let anybody propose a dislegament conference!

Kittens are born blind, and so, these days, are tigers.

According to the text of the treaty, it is prohibited to sell or convey liquor to the natives of the Island of Yap, but that ends the latter's similarity to the Island of Manhattan.

Every little reformer has a movement all his own.

The ignorance of the average Englishman about the United States is almost as great as the average New Yorker's.

There are 20,000 taxicabs in New York City. Well, somebody has to do the hack work.

Some people see only the big IFS in Irish Free State.

Charles W. Morse Tambo and Emperor Karl of Austria Bones will now rise and render their celebrated duet, "He Walked Right In and Turned Around and Walked Right Out Again."

A statistician recently went mad trying to figure out just how long it is going to take Henry Ford to starve the horseflies to extinction.

Orange trees have been known to bear fruit until they were 150 years old.—*Answers*. But the first hundred years are the hardest.

The ratio should mean that no country club shall be permitted to have on its walls more than five pictures of British hunting scenes; and no Refined Home be allowed to display more than three prints of Fujiyama.

Russia before the revolution: Dictated but not Red. Russia after the revolution: Both.

"The German people of Chicago," says an announcement, "have been one of the greatest aids in placing Chicago where it is to-day." Still circulating that anti-German stuff.

Lots of people seem to regard birth-control lectures as objectionable papaganda.

John McCormack will have to get some new songs now that the Irish have nothing to cry about.

The world's billiard championship, just won by "Jake" Schaefer, was once held by his father. The boy is evidently a chip off the old balk.

The 1922 crop of income tax jokes will soon be ready.

Watch for the announcement of the one-hundred-dollar Life Line prize winner—in an early issue.



Japan is importing rice, but Newcastle's order for 10,000 tons of anthracite had not been received at the hour of going to press.

Seek to Abolish Sex Inequality.—*Headline*.

It's certainly time that the men took action.

Tariff on Metals to Be Considered.—*Headline*.

Is it possible that the government is getting down to brass tax?



Irish Impersonator: Take my act off? Then how am I to make a living?



"Whut d'ye think o' this limited armament business?"

"It's just a matter o' taste. Ez fer me, I'd jest ez soon git shot with two cannon ez one."



The Middle of a Perfect Day—4836 Years Ago

History Made Easy

How Esperanto Came Out of the Tower of Babel

IT is well known that operations were permanently discontinued on the Tower of Babel because of a confusion of tongues.

It is not difficult to understand that disorder arose when a Swedish boss undertook, in Pennsylvania Dutch, to give orders to a Siamese riveter, who suddenly discovered that he understood nothing but Yiddish, while an Egyptian walking delegate tried in Spanish to persuade a Welsh mortar-mixer, who spoke Turkish, that he ought to strike for more pay.

For some hours the two union men in the picture opposite have been trying to reach an understanding. It is supposed to be shortly after the noon hour, in fact. The Persian on the right has exhausted his Scotch vocabulary in an effort to persuade his companion to vote for the six-hour day at the next Sinn Fein meeting, and the Chinese listener doesn't know whether he is being coerced into working overtime or invited to have Russian tea. The Danish agitator on the left is experiencing much difficulty in making himself understood in Ojibway and the Punjab salesman is getting nowhere in Bohemian with the French contractor, who has made a sudden specialty of modern Greek.

Here You Are!

HAVE you ever tried to stop thinking? We can teach you to stop in ten lessons.

Remember that all your troubles come from thinking. If you are in love, then you pass your time thinking about your best girl and are consequently miserable. If you owe money, you are thinking about it all the time. If you are married, you can't get rid of thinking about your wife. The less you see her, the more you think about her.

Your great need is to become unconcentrated. Loosen up.

When you are not thinking, you are right up in the air. Your cheeks are pink, you walk on your toes, you hold your head high—all Nature smiles.

Thinkers, beware! You haven't begun yet to think of all the things that are going to happen to you. Join our little group of non-thinkers now forming. Led by a retired congressman.

Remember, a long life and a thinkingless one.

T. L. M.



Noah: Ye can't come aboard till ye get rid of all but two pair of fleas.

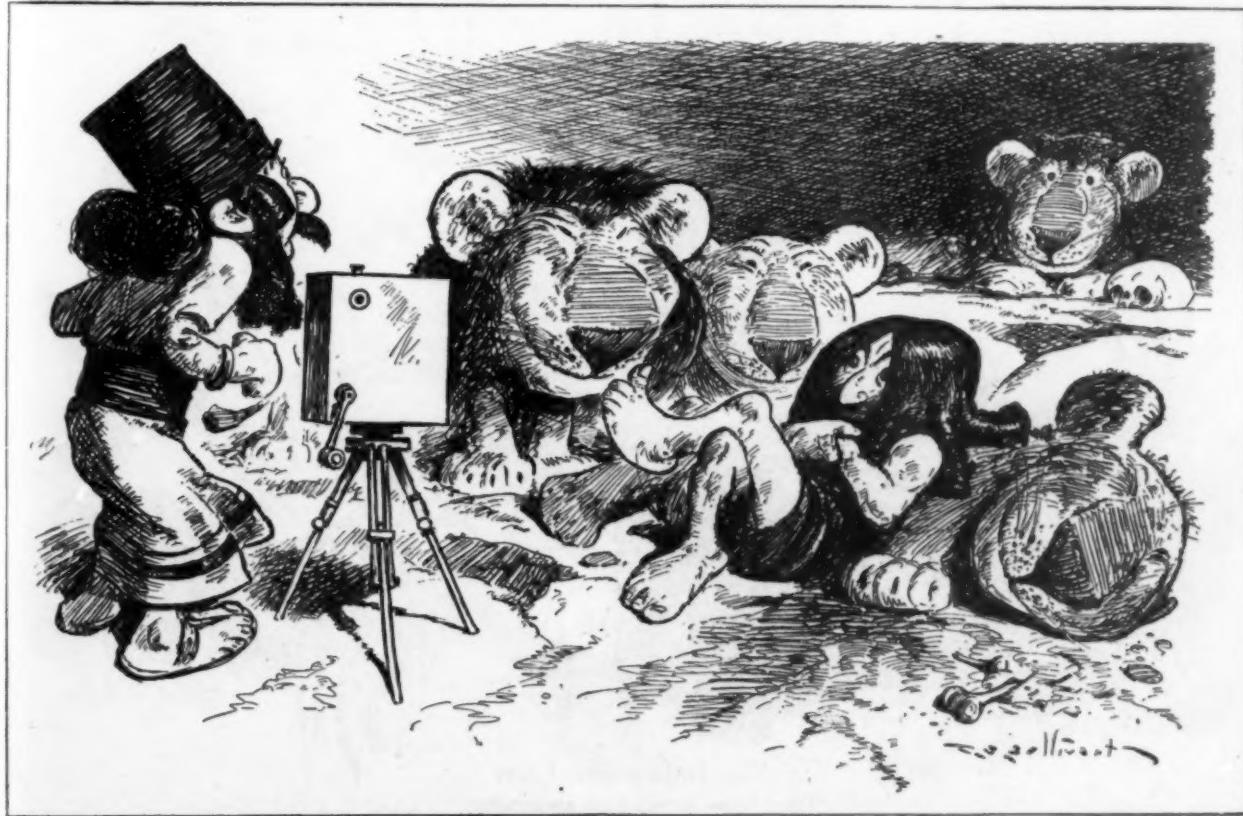
Dry Ballads

I CANNOT sing the old songs,
I do not care for them;
They don't sound as they used to
At 1 or 2 A.M.

Violent

FLUBB: It took two doctors to prescribe for Dobson.

DUNN: Yes; he insisted on an imported brand!



Babylonian Movie Director (to Daniel in the lions' den): Here, you can't get away with anything as tame as this. If you ain't going to let them eat ye, we cancel the contract.



"Why, of course, my dear, if you say it's fresh, I realize that I must be mistaken."

He Didn't!

GEORGE WASHINGTON never told a lie for the following excellent reasons:

He had no income-tax blanks to fill out.

He was elected President without making any campaign speeches.

When Martha found a strange hair on his shoulder, she always figured it came from his wig.

The Anti-Saloon League never asked him where he stood.

The tough breaks he suffered that winter at Valley Forge required no exaggeration.

He never applied for life insurance.

Revolving Doors

YESTERDAY we were pursued by a revolving door. When we stopped to argue with it, it caught up with us and bit us on the heel. So we kept on trotting.

We intend to move to Cuba some day, where it is warm and they don't have revolving doors, only swinging doors. We have had an animus towards revolving doors ever since we got lost in one at Wanamaker's at the rush hour. Since then we have had an inherent dislike for merry-go-rounds and squirrel cages.

We enter a revolving door with the best intentions in the world of getting it over quickly; and then a messenger boy or someone in a hurry shoots through it like a Prohibition Amendment and sends it spinning around past the opening three or four times before we find where the opening is. There had been a young lady in the section just in front of us, whom we were escorting somewhere, and we run around three or four more times inside the door looking for her, till we decide the young lady in question is out of the question. Then we lay our plans to escape. There is a stout lady in the compartment just in front of us by now, who has gone around several times herself, and we make up our mind that when she goes we follow her, so to speak, out.

When we make the break, the thing takes off our rubber, and our umbrella unties our shoestring. Then we discover we're still out in the street where we started.

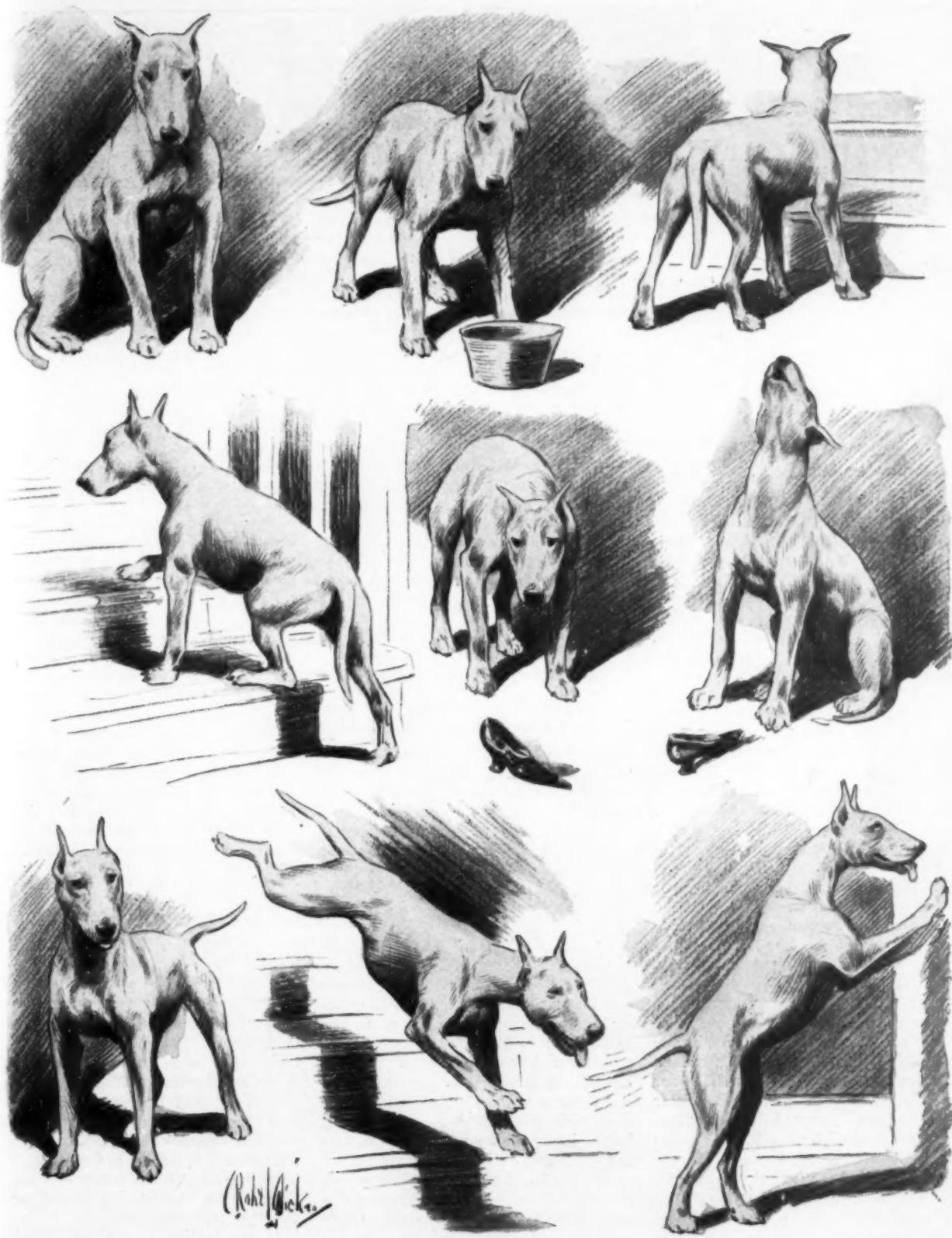
We should like to suggest to Mayor Hylan or somebody important that they put a tax of five cents on revolving doors. Then we can express our disapproval of them by not paying it.

Corey Ford.



The Impromptu Party

"I just know there's been an accident."
 "Oh, accident, flub-dub! They'll be here any minute. Probably Jimmy's aunt decided to come or something."
 "Well, what do you call an accident?"



Life's Thrills
The day she came home



JANUARY 5, 1922

"While there is Life there's Hope"

Vol. 79 No. 2044

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THE confidence of folks in one another is not yet implicit. At this writing, as the concerns of the Conference and other matters of negotiation work along, distrusts develop overnight that would be amusing if they were not so troublesome. France will never dream of quarreling with England, M. Briand says, but still France would feel safer with a few more submarines than the disarmament negotiators had calculated to allow her. England does not dream of quarreling with France, but British papers deprecate "an increase in submarine strength which would gravely imperil the safety of British commerce," and so it goes. No nation in Europe wants to trust any other nation any more than it has to. The habits of a life-time are still too strong for that.

And about Ireland: one notices the same disposition there. The vote in the Dail on the treaty has not been taken as we write, but the echoes of opinion in the Irish Parliament have made headlines daily in our papers. De Valera is against the treaty with his whole vocabulary, and Griffith and Collins are for it, stiff and strong. De Valera calls it "the most ignoble document in Irish history." Griffith and Collins hold that it will bring Ireland freedom and peace. The provision for the relocation of boundaries in Ulster seems to have impressed the Ulster loyalists very painfully, so that as usual they are getting ready to fight, and announce that relocation of the boundaries of any part of Ulster territory will mean civil war.

Evidently there ought to be an asylum for nations that go crazy. Ulster is not a nation, but still she seems to

need the tranquillizing security of some retreat and so, one may say, does France. Possibly the result of all these ebullitions will be in the end to constitute a great international asylum of the sort that was thought to have been contrived in the League of Nations. France might feel safer in a larger company than as a member of the four-Power combine, and as for Ireland, one of Griffith's arguments for the treaty he had helped negotiate was that it would get Ireland a representative in the League.



IS it not wonderful how much trouble it takes to keep the nations from destroying one another? The whole case is so plain now that it would seem as if it must be easy to see the danger if things go on as they have gone, and the simplicity of the remedy. But nothing is easy that involves national relations, and nothing is simple that involves politics.

In the December *Atlantic* Mr. Clutton-Brock makes some discourse about Pooled Self-Esteem, in which he makes out that all the suppressed pride of individuals runs into national pride and makes mischief in the nations. He would get rid of it somehow. He does not talk religion in this particular piece, he talks psychology, and he would deal with this highly dangerous pride by psychological means; and yet he does not offer that as any sure remedy.

Mr. H. G. Wells in the last of his papers on the Conference expresses disgust with the world as it is, its people included. He does not care even for peace, for its own sake, nor feel that the killing of a few score millions of

people before their natural time necessarily matters much. He does not care for "flat, empty, simple peace." He wants a world in which there will be a lot going on. He wants to do away with war so the world can be made pleasanter. He thinks that with war and such drawbacks out of the way, and with the energy that is spent on them directed to more sensible achievements, the world might be made very pleasant indeed, and life in it truly delectable, and he goes on to talk about it —how good the roads would be, and how comfortable the houses, and how much better health might be, and schooling. He wants to improve life and he believes so firmly in the possibility of doing it that though, he says, his moods in Washington have fluctuated between hope and despair he "must needs go about this present world of disorder and darkness like an exile, doing such feeble things as he can towards the world of his desire, now hopefully, now bitterly, as the moods may happen, until he dies."



HOPES that seem invincible and stupidities and habits and prejudices that seem insurmountable, Mr. Wells says he saw in Washington in the six weeks that he spent there. One sees them every day in the paper and wonders whether the hopes or the stupidities will be on top at the close. The best promise that the hopes will win is based on the obvious and urgent necessity that they shall win.

If the nations cannot get together, but must still go on haggling in the same old way, they may as well take

seriously that forecast of the *British Journal of Astrology* which plants Armageddon a little way down the road, and insists that we have that still to get over before we get to "universal peace." The astrologers insist, therefore, that our world has got to be worse before it is better. That it will be better presently, very much better, they admit, but their view of the preliminary interval is not reassuring. What we would all prefer is to skip the preliminaries and get things into a comfortable ease without any more wholesale discipline. Still, practical men do take thought of a possible Armageddon. Our Mr. Secretary Weeks, for one, declares that if we have another war we should conscript every person in the United States between eighteen and sixty years old. Some would fight, the rest would work at whatever they were best suited to do. Mr. Weeks would try not to have profiteers in another war, and not to be embarrassed by having the fighting men come home and say that the stay-at-homes got higher wages.



BUT we must not expect too much of this world. The *World* (newspaper) reports Conan Doyle, who, as everybody knows, is a campaigning spiritualist, as describing Heaven, in a church address, as a place with all the comforts of home. He expects to be very comfortable indeed there and feels that he has good information that warrants that prospect.

But heaven, or the next plane, or whatever in modern speech one prefers to call it, has great advantages over earth. Earth is run on a system of free will; heaven apparently on a system of prompt concurrence with the administration. The management of that country is so much better than that of this that obedience is safe and does not set anybody back, whereas here whom should one obey? The only real guide for conduct that we have is our inner sense of right and wrong, tempered by the fear of the police, or of the neighbors, or the newspapers, or of the banks. Our governments are bad. Our politicians are bad. Our fellow creatures are no better than they should be. The conditions of life are mostly inherited from times quite different from these, and we ourselves have defects—some of them congenital and many acquired. Being what we are and living

in such a world as we make, we have to be patient with ourselves and all our neighbors, and should always remember that our main job in this life is so to develop and improve, as in due time to be fit for translation. If we got our training in Conan Doyle's Heaven, and then came here to practice our accomplishments, it would be another story.



THERE is a reason for everything. No doubt, the reason for a holiday at New Year's is that survivors of Christmas may get rested. And while we are resting, a few thoughts for our

jaded minds! Will the improved world that Mr. Wells contemplates provide for monogamy or for casual wives? It is a difficult matter but important.

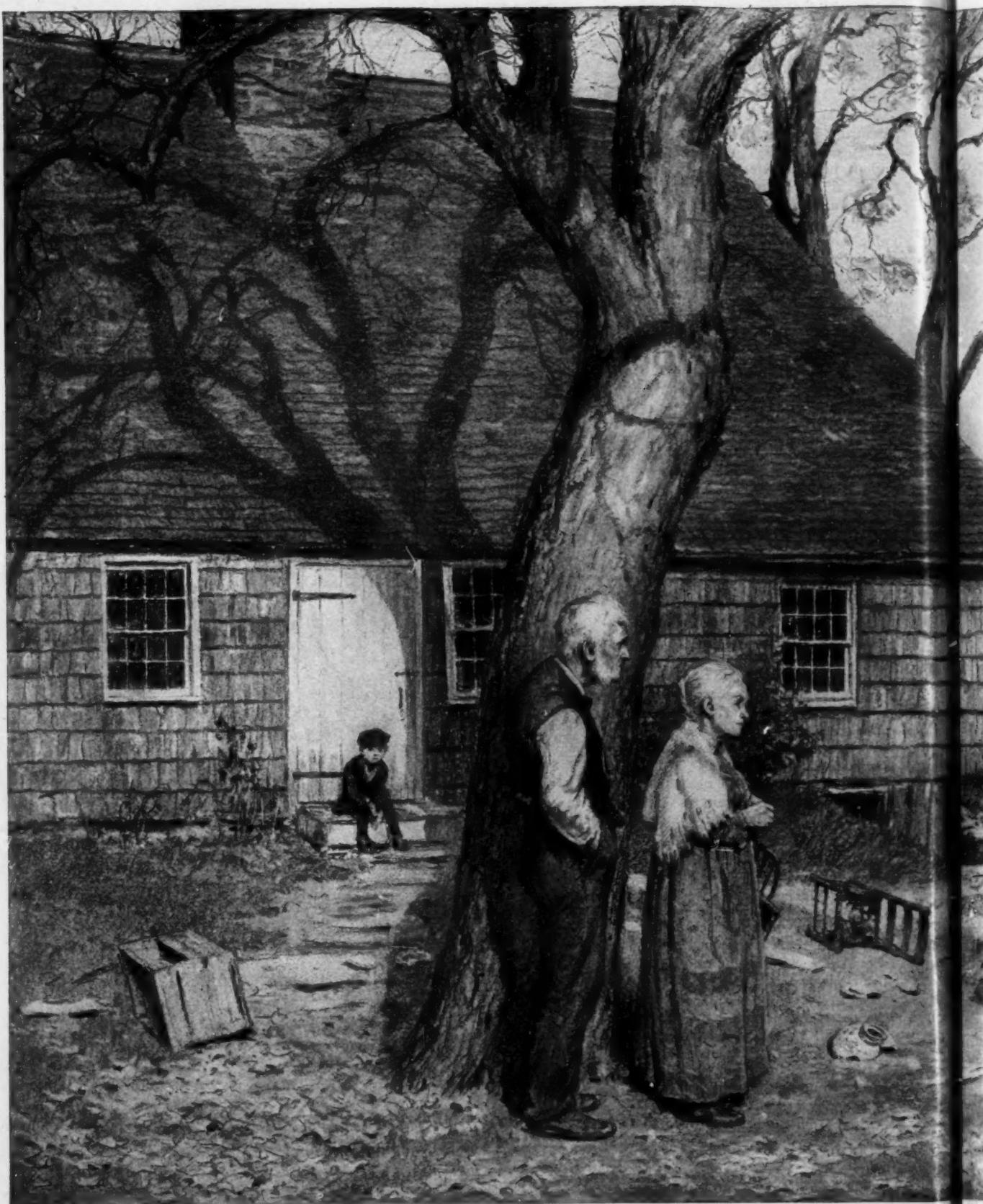
Is it not possible that even our present defective government can arrange that honest people may not have such terrible struggles with bookkeeping? The mass of us know about as much about bookkeeping as we do about wireless, yet the government expects us to be experts. Drat government!

Somebody has estimated that because Japan wants to keep the Mutsu, Britain will have to spend twenty-two million pounds on two new ships. We have a couple ninety per cent. finished. Can't she have them at junk prices and save that money?

E. S. Martin.

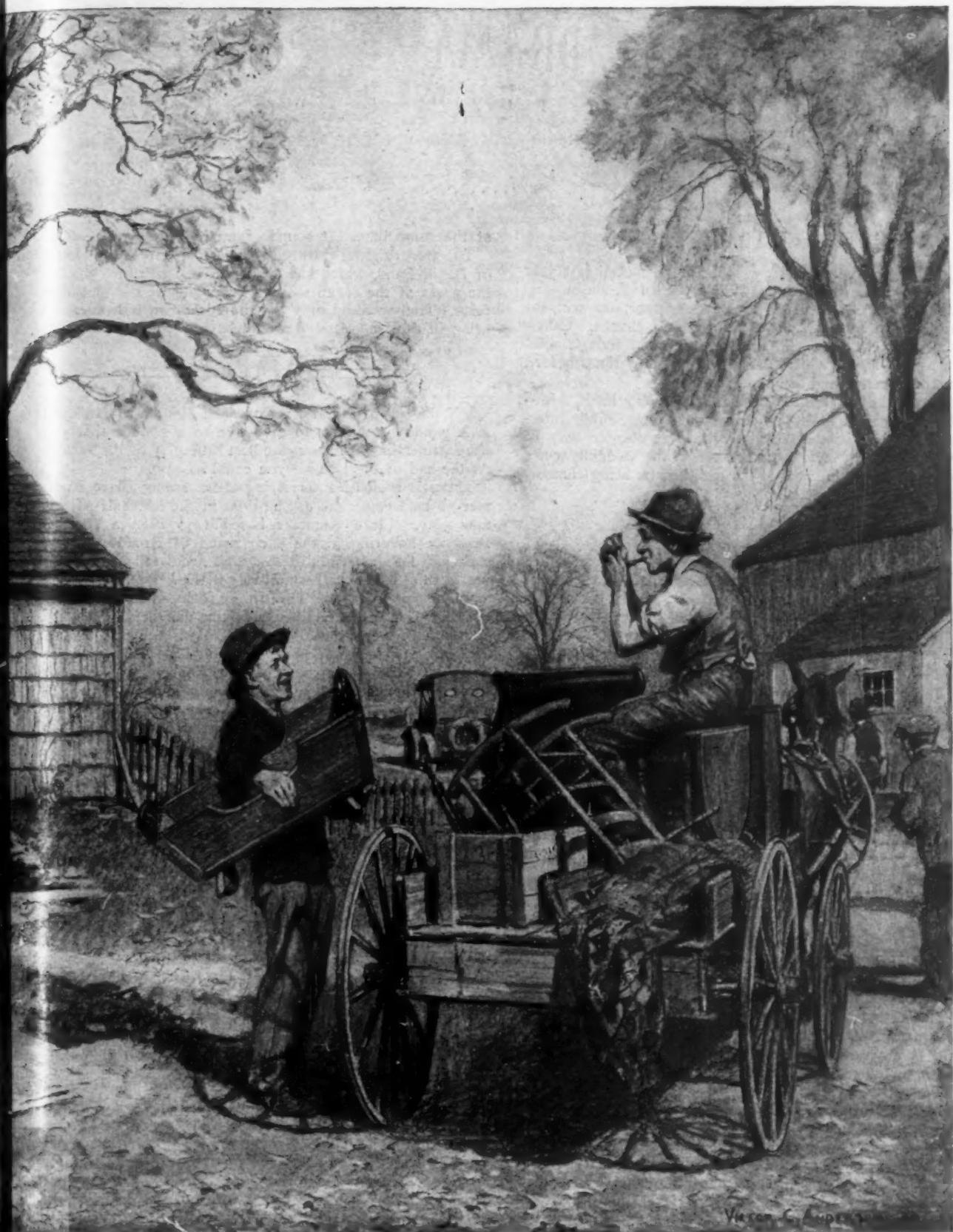


"Got another saw?"



The End of the Watch

LIFE



Winsor C. Anderson

of auction Sale



A Peasant Time Was Had

WE were among those who hailed Ben-Ami last year as a great actor for his work in "Samson and Delilah," and so, in order to save our face, we will say that in "The Idle Inn" he is not given a chance. Otherwise, we might have said that he is a good enough actor in a rôle of a type which has been done many times before, sometimes better and sometimes worse.

A great deal of the trouble lies in the play itself, which is just another of those Jewish peasant things, mildly interesting at first in that McGuffey's First Reader way of peasant plays, splendidly picturesque in the wedding scene, and then going quite mad at the end, besides being clumsily acted and poorly directed.



BEN-AMI is swashbuckling enough as the horsethief who carries away the bride from under the very beards of the wedding-guests, but his methods can hardly make him a popular boy among the other members of the company. He goes about clouting young ladies between the shoulder-blades, pinching their cheeks in his fist, and flinging them across the room, behavior doubtless quite in keeping with the character, but something that one must be a star to get away with.

And, in the final big cuckoo scene, he and the young bride check up on their ideas of amorous dalliance by promising to tear each other's eyes out, and, if feeling particularly fit, to break each other's legs. There's practically nothing that boy wouldn't do for a girl once he takes a liking to her.



UNQUESTIONABLY Ben-Ami throws abundant life into the character of *Eisik*, but it seems like throwing that much abundant life away. These Yale Lochinvars are nothing new in the theatre. And, when you come right down to it, this business of throwing women across the room by way of making them love you, is overrated. I tried it just once, and, in addition to being unable to throw her more than a few inches, I haven't succeeded even in catching her eye again since, and that was some eight or ten years ago.

And even at the expense of a little realism, Ben-Ami really ought to be careful about talking with his mouth full of the lady's dress. If he must carry her 'round and 'round on the stage while each one is asking the other, "What do you want of me?" he should not try to bite her

at the same time. It sounds funny.

The most original feature of "The Idle Inn" is the House of David Band, which has evidently been recruited to take the parts of the seven sinister merchants at the wedding-feast. If they could only get the Six Brown Brothers to bring in the ice-cream, it would be a good entertainment.



AT the end of the first act of "The Mountain Man" you would be willing to give five to one odds that you were witnessing just about the best little play of the season. At the end of the last act you could pay up.

There is something terrifying about seeing Clare Kummer go as Democratic as she does in the last half of this new play. Clare Kummer has always been a sort of Presence hovering in the background of Broadway reassuring us that, after all, there wasn't necessarily any meaning to things and that, when we got tired, we could go up to the Punch and Judy Theatre, or some other little place, and find some of her characters talking delightfully polished nonsense. Several times, just as we have been on the point of hurling ourselves off the Fall River Line dock, we have thought of the young man in "The Robbery" making the stupendously pointless observation that "what is worth doing at all is worth doing well," and here we are safe and sound.



BUT in "The Mountain Man" Miss Kummer has tried to write a regular play, with sense and plot and everything that goes to make a regular play horrible, and by the time it is half over, things have got into an almost impossible state.

That they are not more impossible is due to the quiet presence of Sidney Blackmer (the young man who made the important observation in "The Robbery"). Barring a slight tendency to utilize every second of his own and the other characters' time to get his effects, he is ideal for the part of the rough young Virginia mountaineer.

During the first act, while you are in the flush of witnessing what you think is another delightful Kummer play, he is at his best, and Miss Kummer has given him an exotic little song to sing (with remarkable improvisation at the piano by Catherine Dale Owen, who is highly decorative in the difficult rôle of the heroine).

The only real Kummer lines in the whole thing, however, are heard at the beginning, where they are quite fittingly intrusted to Miss Marjorie Kummer. After that, "The Mountain Man" becomes just a little play with an excess of plot.

Robert C. Benchley.

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

ANNA CHRISTIE (*Vanderbilt*)—Pauline Lord's acting in the rôle of the water-front woman is as fine as anything in town.

THE BAT (*Morosco*)—The mystery play of the ages.

A BILL OF DIVORCEMENT (*Times Square*)—A problem drama of great appeal which is acted as it should be.

THE CLAW (*Broadhurst*)—Showing what a woman can do to a fine, strong man, with Lionel Barrymore at his best.

THE DREAM MAKER (*Empire*)—William Gillette in a crook play which is at times exciting.

THE IDLE INN (*Plymouth*)—Reviewed in this issue.

LILIOM (*Fulton*)—Still the most notable all-around play on the list.

THE SQUAW MAN (*Astor*)—William Faversham in a revival of his old success.

TRILBY (*National*)—To be reviewed next week.

THE VARYING SHORE (*Hudson*)—An interesting, if not entirely convincing, account of refined sinning, with Elsie Ferguson as the refined sinner.

Comedy and Things Like That

ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINE (*Gaiety*)—A revival which stands the test.

BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE (*Ritz*)—French problem play, the problem being "How did the young man get into Ina Claire's bed?"

THE DOVER ROAD (*Bijou*)—To be reviewed next week.

DULCY (*Fraze*)—Amusing comedy with occasional satire, making light of American conversational idols.

FACE VALUE (*Forty-Ninth St.*)—To be reviewed next week.

THE FIRST YEAR (*Little*)—Still making thousands laugh at themselves.

THE GRAND DUKE (*Lyceum*)—Artificial French epigrams delivered with much manner by Lionel Atwill.

THE GREAT BROXOPP (*Punch and Judy*)—British comedy which was left in the oven just a little too long.

THE INTIMATE STRANGERS (*Henry Miller*)—Booth Tarkington's tenuous but charming trifle with Billie Burke to supply the twinkling.

JUST MARRIED (*Nora Bayes*)—Common bed-room stuff made uncommonly funny by Lynne Overman.

KIKI (*Belasco*)—One of the startling characterizations of the season by Lenore Ulric as the Parisian chorus-girl.

LILIES OF THE FIELD (*Klaw*)—Not much of a play, but containing some amusing kept women.

THE MARRIED WOMAN (*Princess*)—To be reviewed next week.

THE MOUNTAIN MAN (*Maxine Elliott's*)—Reviewed in this issue.

NATURE'S NOBLEMAN (*Forty-Eighth St.*)—It wouldn't be much better even without Louis Mann.

SIX CYLINDER LOVE (*Sam H. Harris*)—Ernest Truex and June Walker as the delightful bride and groom in a suburban automobile.

THANK YOU (*Longacre*)—Much better than plays with a lesson usually are. This urges more money for preachers.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

BOMB (*Jolson's Fifty-Ninth St.*)—If you like Al Jolson you won't mind the rest of the show.

BLOSSOM TIME (*Ambassador*)—At any rate, you can't beat Franz Schubert's music.

THE CHOCOLATE SOLDIER (*Century*)—A big revival for those who liked the original.

GET TOGETHER (*Hippodrome*)—A great big show for a comparatively small price.

GOOD MORNING, DEARIE (*Globe*)—One of the sure hits of the season.

GREENWICH VILLAGE FOLLIES (*Shubert*)—The most tastefully staged of all our revues, with uneven comedy.

THE MUSIC BOX REVUE (*Music Box*)—It will take next month's rent money to get in, but it's almost worth it when you consider William Collier, Sam Bernard, Florence Moore and all the rest of the headliners.

THE O'BRIEN GIRL (*Liberty*)—A very dainty and tuneful piece.

THE PERFECT FOOL (*George M. Cohan's*)—Ed Wynn busy every minute.

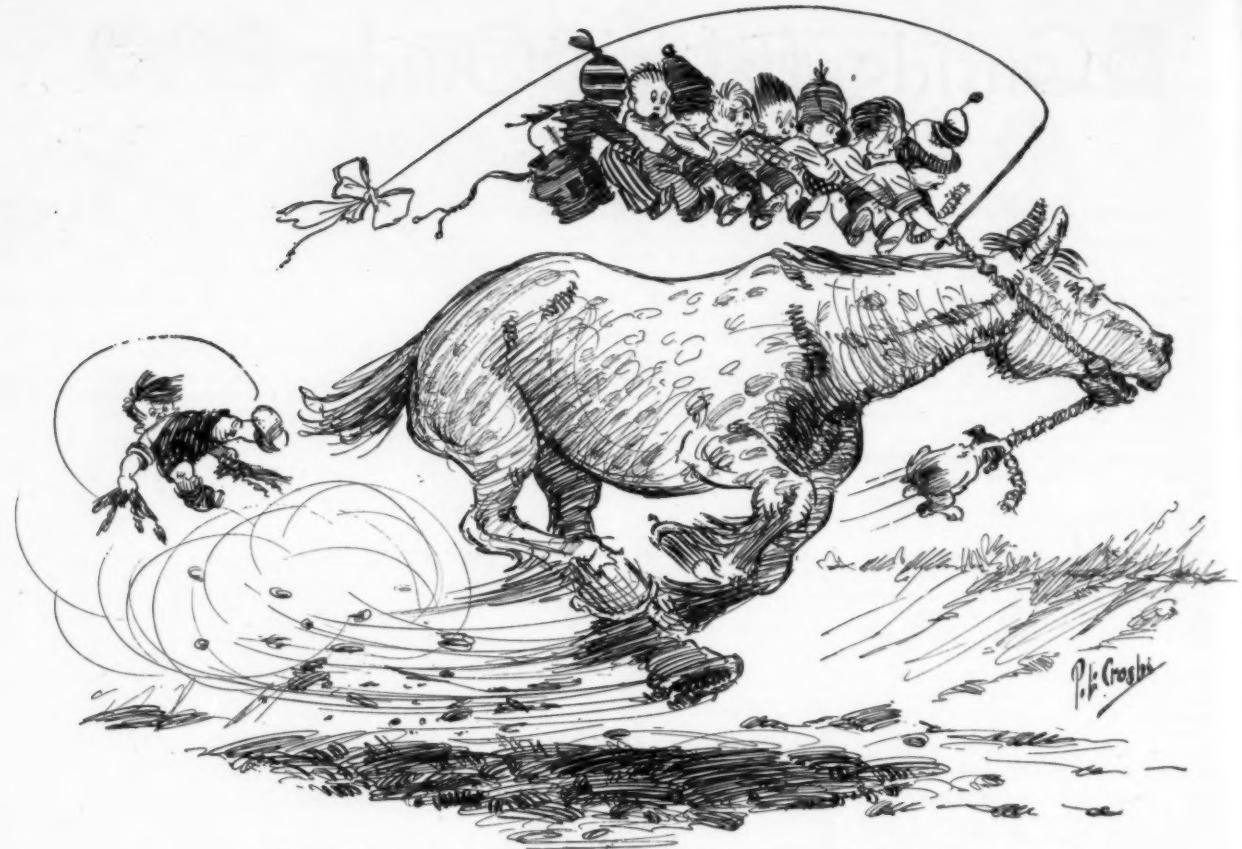
SALLY (*New Amsterdam*)—Now in its second year and not even breathing hard.

SHUFFLE ALONG (*Sixty-Third St.*)—Almost continuous singing and dancing by a company of inspired Negroes.

TANGERINE (*Casino*)—Julia Sanderson flitting from song to song.



INTIMATE GLIMPSES OF AMERICAN GENERALS OF INDUSTRY
No. 18. A burglar inadvertently enters the Colt residence



Young Hopkins Is the Descendant of a Long Line of Horsemen

The Lesson of Cantaloupes

THE papers report that shipments of cantaloupes this season exceeded twenty-five thousand carloads. They have increased steadily since 1915, which is affecting evidence of the incorrigible recurrence of hope in the human breast. About one cantaloupe in twenty-five is good when eaten. The experiment with such as are ordinarily bought in groceries is a long sorrow.

Either they were picked too green and never could be good, or they are not ripe when eaten. But a really good cantaloupe, one in good condition, is very good indeed, and in the hope of getting one the tragical experiment goes on increasingly, as the papers relate.

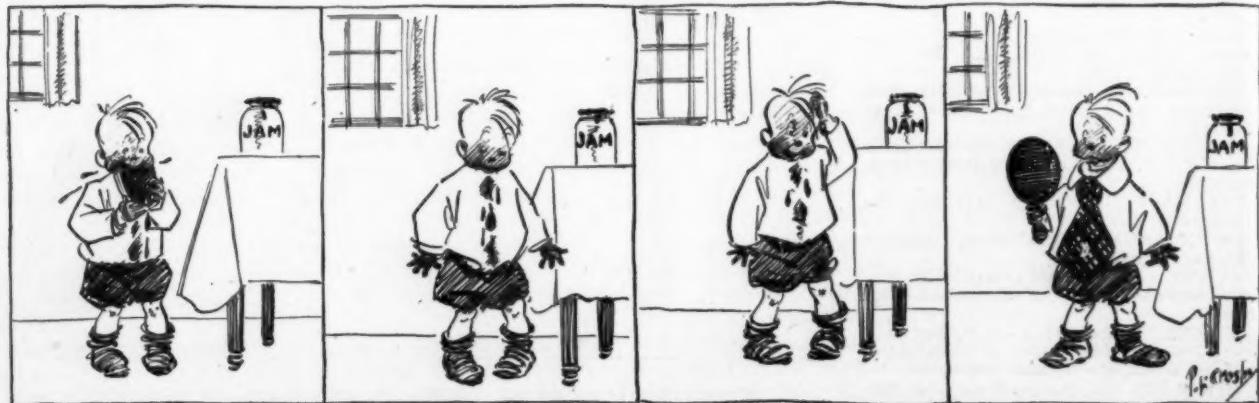
Some misanthrope said that marriage is the triumph of hope over experience, which is a lie, but the increased trade in cantaloupes is precisely what that man said marriage is. It should

encourage everyone about the future of this world, which mostly tastes flat or worse; but because it sometimes tastes good, people have gone right on wanting it, and living in it, and trying to improve it, until it has become a habit of humanity.

Nonsensical

CRAWFORD: Does your wife understand anything about politics?

CRABSHAW: Not a bit. She wants me to vote her way.



Willie Gets Away With It By Putting On a Big Front



A Ten-Year Holiday

Senator Sounder on the Mobilization of Wind

Gluyas Williams

WASHINGTON, Jan. 3rd.—No one feels more strongly than I that the Conference has been a success, if only for what it has done for the banquet catering business of the country.

In fact, my only criticism of the work of the body rests on its attitude toward war. It has striven to abolish war, or at least to make its possibility extremely remote. Now war, I feel after my daily skirmishes with Mrs. Sounder or the ice man or my dress shirt, is a perfectly natural form of human expression. We ought not to repress the instinct, we should guide it; and that is just what the Sounder Bill for Abolishing the Horrors of War will do.

I hit upon the idea while sitting on the floor of the Senate (not actually, you understand)—that historic battlefield where so many of the People's fights have been fought to an unsuccessful conclusion. I realized that I had found the solution. Instead of bullets, words; instead of battleships, orators; instead of the thunder of cannon, the thunder of debate!

Suppose, for example, that the United States, feeling that \$1.25 for cocktails in Bimini is an infringement on the rights of American tourists, makes strong representations on the subject to Great Britain. That country replies by raising the price to \$1.30, we order Ambassador Harvey home, and the fight is on.

I have retained the ratio of fighting strength that the Arms Conference has agreed upon, and the two nations therefore meet on a 5-5 basis. Great Britain



Cited for conspicuous bravery in keeping Sounder supplied with ammunition in the face of enemy fire

at once mobilizes Lloyd George, Lord Northcliffe, H. G. Wells, Mrs. Clare Sheridan, and, if Ireland rallies to the crown in the crisis, Mr. de Valera. In this country Senator Lodge, Mayor Hylan of New York, Joseph P. Tumulty, Ambassador Harvey and myself answer the call to arms.

The warring nations agree on the Yale Bowl as a suitable battlefield, and put the whole affair into the hands of Tex Rickard. Thus, instead of burdening taxpayers for generations to come, the war can be made to pay for itself.

As a spectacle the thing would surpass anything of medieval days. Imagine the British army of orators, secretaries, experts, advisers, and ammunition trains bearing 693,802 tons of speeches, marching impressively onto the field, and after singing "God Save the King," digging in behind the east

goal. Then as the band strikes up a Star-Spangled Banner medley, the American cohorts dash upon the field and intrench behind the west goal.

After preliminary skirmishing, in which Lloyd George and Mr. Lodge conclusively prove that their country did not seek the war, the campaign settles down in grim earnest. The first really decisive argument is fired by de Valera in a two-day speech showing the relation between Bimini and the Irish question, and Lord Northcliffe follows up the attack with an admirable exposition of what King George had told him privately about Bimini cocktails.

Things look a little bad for our valiant forces until Col. Harvey makes a complete rebuttal of the enemy's argument by pointing out that we are not fighting for ideals but to lower the price of cocktails for American tourists. Disconcerted, Great Britain falls back; even Mrs. Sheridan's anecdotes of sculpturing in Bimini fail to refute the attack of our former ambassador. Lloyd George, with his back against the wall, plays his last card; he sends in Mr. Wells to read excerpts from "The Outline of History."

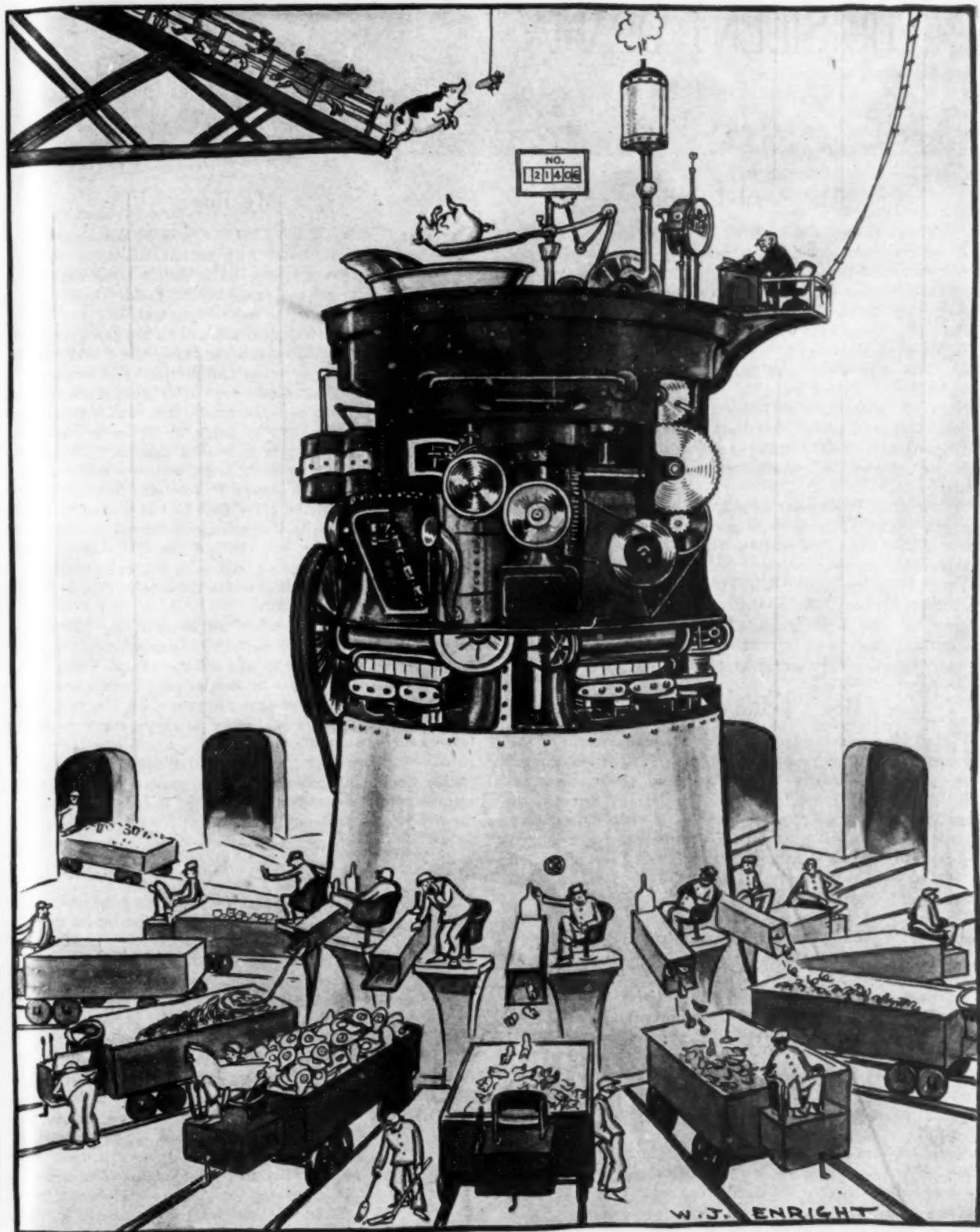
Inch by inch, trench by trench, we give way. Tumulty is utterly routed, and Mayor Hylan's speech, "Five-cent Cocktails for Bimini Under the People's Mayor," is little more than a rear-guard action.

Realizing that all depends on me, I begin the speech that I have been holding in reserve. It is the one that I used against the League of Nations and in support of the recent Taxation Bill. I talk and talk, about Bimini and cocktails, about everything, about nothing.

On the fourth day Great Britain weakens; on the fifth day she sues for an armistice. A just peace is made, the price of cocktails is fixed at \$1.25, the war is won. What could be simpler!



"Lafayette, we are here!" Sounder's epoch-making words as he leads the American Army onto the field of battle.



SEE AMERICA FIRST
The hog department in one of the Chicago packing houses

THE SILENT DRAMA



The Second String

SSECOND thoughts are apt to be dangerous. Nevertheless, we cannot resist the temptation to add a few names to the list of Ten Best Pictures of 1921 which was published on this page last week. For instance: "The Conquering Power," "I Do," "The Old Swimmin' Hole," "The City," "The Last of the Mohicans," "The Playhouse," "Pilgrims of the Night," "Footlights," "Number, Please" and "My Boy"—the last named of which is reviewed herewith.

This list includes two Harold Lloyd comedies, one of Buster Keaton's, and a Post Nature Picture. I have never been quite able to understand the popular notion that a film must of necessity be beneath notice if it is shorter than five reels.

It is a great deal easier to pick the ten best pictures than the ten worst. The field in the former case is so much more restricted. However, no list of flickers would be complete without mention of "Dream Street," "Man-Woman-Marriage" and "The Spirit of '76."

Almost anybody, on seeing any of these sterling examples of the photo-dramatist's art, would be tempted to paraphrase the famous dentifrice advertisement and cry aloud, "Remove that unsightly film!"

Don't Tell Everything

THREE is something a bit queer about the origin of the new three-star production, "Don't Tell Everything." It commands the services of Wallace Reid, Gloria Swanson and Elliott Dexter, no less, and is ostensibly directed by Sam Wood. But all through the film is visible the heavy Italian hand of Cecil B. De Mille, and there is reason to believe (as does Alison Smith of the New York *Globe*) that "Don't Tell Everything" is actually one of "The Affairs of Anatol"—an episode that was lost in the shuffle of that confused conglomeration, and is now served up, with stuffing, as a separate entity.

If this is the case, "The Affairs of Anatol" is the loser, for "Don't Tell Everything" is better than any part of the parent picture.

It includes some good comedy, some mediocre drama and some loud-pedal sex appeal. There is also a singularly pleasant performance by Dorothy Cumming, who, though unfeatured, quite outshines the three stars. In one scene, on a links, she displays what is unquestionably the best golf swing in the movies.

By the way, Mr. De Mille's "Fool's Paradise" should have been reviewed on this page, but there isn't space to do it justice. Watch for the sordid details next week.

My Boy

NINETEEN TWENTY-ONE will be notable, in years to come, for a number of reasons, among which might be mentioned Disarmament, Babe Ruth's home-run record, the Irish Peace and the discovery of Jackie Coogan. The last, in many ways, is the most important.

For Jackie Coogan's performances on the screen this year will remain for men to marvel at, after the world has forgotten that there ever were battleships, or differences between England and Ireland—even after Babe Ruth has gone to the minor leagues and the small-time vaudeville circuits. Jackie Coogan himself may grow up to be a ham actor wearing hired dress suits in society dramas. Or he may even descend to the speaking stage and hide under beds in farces by some future Avery Hopwood. But no one can ever take from him the glory that he has gained as a child of five. The fame he has already achieved is permanent. And when at last he has reached the Old Actors' Home on Staten Island, he can sit back of a winter's evening with his gray-haired cronies and watch the movies that he starred in seventy-five years before.

He will find nothing to be ashamed of in "My Boy"—that is, in so far as his part in it is concerned. Without being forced to resort to any of the smart "cute" tricks that he was called upon to display in "Peck's Bad Boy," he is wonderfully appealing. Moreover, he is notably clean and well behaved, and will serve as an excellent model for less exemplary children.

"My Boy" is heavily sentimental throughout, but where Jackie Coogan is concerned the sentiment is genuine, and anyone who can watch him unmoved is indeed a master in the art of callousness.

R. S. V. P.

TWO of Charles Ray's productions this year are rated near the top in the estimation of this department. "Scrap Iron" is in the first ten, and "The Old Swimmin' Hole" is in the second ten. "R. S. V. P.", his latest opus, comes close to landing in the same category with "Dream Street."

It is a bad picture for anyone to have done; but, in the hands of the worthy Mr. Ray, it is practically a capital crime.

"R. S. V. P." is equipped with a fairly amusing farce idea and two excellent performances by Charles Ray and Har Myers, but it falls flat, nevertheless. It is a woefully bad production. The action is concentrated into one magnificent social function. And what a function it is! For sheer crudity, it equals anything that was done in the old Biograph days.

Mr. Ray should be ashamed of himself.
Robert E. Sherwood.



Wallace Reid,
from a mask
by John Held,
Jr.

The Age of Ruminis- cence

THE unholy joy of being an after-dinner speaker in these days is tempered by the fact that the audiences are mostly sober. In the good old days it was quite easy for a man to acquire the reputation of being a humorist, merely by waiting until the crowd had had a couple of cocktails. He would then make a few general remarks about the weather, and everybody would burst into laughter and song. As soon as prohibition came in, and it became pretty thoroughly established that the only place where a man could count on getting decently drunk was in his own home, several of our most notable public speakers wisely retired from the scene and rested on the reputations they had previously made of being great wits.

If you can get people sufficiently drunk beforehand, no matter whether it is upon alcohol or ideas, you can get away with almost anything. Henry



"An order of chicken feed, waiter. The bally little chap is hungry."

Ford must have sensed that prohibition was coming and thought that gasoline would make a good substitute for alcohol; and so he has got all of the American people drunk with the idea

that if you go from one place to another you are much better off than if you stay where you are. The real trouble, of course, is that after you get there you wish you were back where you came from. And so Henry, who is by no means as dull as he seems, gets us coming and going.

Oliver Wendell Holmes once wrote some verses, the purport of which was that upon one occasion he got off something so funny that it was positively dangerous, everybody laughed so hard over it. "And since then," he added, "I have never dared to write as funny as I can." Probably before he read the verses the good doctor took the precaution of feeding his listeners upon rum. It is probable, indeed, that a large proportion of the oratorical masterpieces of the world which we read about in memoirs were due to this fact. Considering how hard it is to get a laugh out of people in these days, it looks as if almost all of the great conversations of the past were brandy and soda.

T. L. M.



The Court of Appeals



True, True!

"Now, gentlemen," began the professor in the dental school that had been opened in the vocational training area, "what class of persons habitually suffer from acid mouth?"

And the class answered as one man:
"First sergeants, sir!"
—American Legion Weekly.

It Couldn't Be Permanent

"I knowed de job wasn' gineter last long," said Uncle Eben, "when I found out I was expected to assist a man to help a man dat was passin' de tools to another man dat wasn' doin' much work in the fust place."—Washington Star.

Bad Form

FIRST GENTLEMAN ADVENTURER (in straits): We'd be better off in prison.

SECOND GENTLEMAN ADVENTURER: Oh, don't talk shop.
—Passing Show (London), from a Play.

TREAT these war veterans right; we may not have any more.—Atlanta Journal.



THICK WEATHER

Befogged Individual: Constable, where am I? This fog's got me beat.
Constable: I dunno—it's got mine, too.

—London Opinion.

Three Laborers

How do you visualize your job? The story of the three stone-cutters leaves nothing of wisdom to be said. They were working on a stone. A stranger asked the first what he was doing. "I'm working for \$7.50 a day," he replied. "And you?" the stranger asked the second. "I'm cutting this stone," growled the laborer. When the question was put to the third stone-cutter, he answered, "I'm building a cathedral."—Christian Register.

Dignity and Impudence

THE INSPECTOR: Name?
PRISONER: Pat McSweeney, Sorr.
THE INSPECTOR: Nationality?
PRISONER: Oirish.
THE INSPECTOR: Business?
PRISONER: Italian organ-grinder, Sorr.
—Sketch (London).

And This Is Life

"Mr. Wedleigh, a gentleman waits without to see you on urgent business."

"Does he look prosperous?"

"He looks poor."

"In that case the urgency is his. Let him wait."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

WHAT is a flapper?"

"A flapper, Henry, is the latest style cigarette holder."—Wesleyan Wasp.

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Lives in a mansion,
Wears gorgeous jewels
And furs.
She does not know
The value of money—
And yet she earns
Her every cent.
And this is how
She does it.

Throughout the land
In the largest papers,
And the small ones,
Each day there appears
A Column;
It is about budgets,
And how to live
On \$10 a week.
She writes them.

Tom Watson

THE mind of Senator Tom Watson, of Georgia, does not work like the minds of most other people, and just in the interest of knowledge and the public safety we ought to know whether it works right.

If it does, a lot of minds are working wrong. All recent public appearances and utterances of Senator Watson emphasize this situation.

As the Southerners would say, it looks like somebody ought to go home; if not Senator Watson, then the rest of us, or at least the rest of the Senate.

But there must be a good many minds in Georgia that work like Tom Watson's. Otherwise he would not be a Senator from that State. And perhaps, after all, it is useful to have him remain in Washington, where his mind can be kept under observation, and conclusions reached as to what ails so much of Georgia.

Brothers Under the Skin

MARRIAGE is slavery!" shouted the soap-box orator. "Is woman's place in the world equal to man's? N-o-o! The time has come for rebellion against the unfair, worn-out institution of marriage!"

As he paused for emphasis a policeman stepped threateningly forward. The impassioned one observed, and hurried up his discourse.

"Don't fear present-day conventions! Consider the beginnings of the race, when men and women were not shackled together by law. Down with any law, say I, which takes an innocent woman from her rightful place in society and makes her—"

The law advanced upon the speaker, wordlessly, majestically.

"—which makes her, I say, superior to man! Refuse to be a slave! Refuse to marry! Put woman back—"

The policeman walked off, whistling.



See Europe Now

this opportunity may never come again

NOW is the time to see Europe. Thousands of Americans are going this year. A vast change is in progress throughout the Continent and England—Europe is seething with new ideas, new impulses, a cross-sea of conflicting aspirations, desires, hopes.

Side by side with this New Europe is Old Europe, the Europe of ancient tradition, of Art and Letters and Music. It is a situation infinitely dramatic—a drama that may never be played again.

See Europe now, before this opportunity passes. Visit the great battle-fields before reconstruction obliterates all traces of them. Take

part in the re-awakened night life of Europe. Become familiar with changing business conditions. A vacation in

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Your Government wishes the name of every prospective traveler. If you are considering an ocean voyage anywhere, send the information blank now—no matter when you intend to go. You will receive without cost the Government's booklet of authentic travel information; descriptions of ships and literature on foreign countries. You will be under no obligation. If you cannot take an ocean trip, clip the information blank anyway and urge some friend who may go to send it in.

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For Men Only!

DID you read this poem, by Kennett Harris, last month in "Life"?

Toil

AH, woe is me! Each dewy morn
And morns withouten dews
I have to take my shoing horn
And ease into my shoes.
And when I have them on my feet
Still bitter is my cup,
For, ere the blooming job's complete
I have to lace them up.

Into each eyelet of each shoe
I needs must guide each tag
And draw the cursed laces through
With weary thrust and drag.
And when I have them fairly laced
With many a groan and sigh
Another task must then be faced:
Two bow-knots I must tie.

My malison upon each lace!
A murrain on each knot!
It seems to me not out of place
The eyelets to dod-rot.
Would that I never had been born
To dree this weary blight,
To have to lace those shoes each
morn
And take them off at night!
Kennett Harris.

Copr. Life Pub. Co.

TO eliminate "Toil"
demand LACING
HOOKS on your foot-
wear.

Shoes with Lacing
Hooks can be bought
from up-to-date deal-
ers. Insist on having
what you want.

LIFE



And the Lady Was

CONDUCTOR (*on crowded municipal bus*): Move up forward there on both sides!—up forward on both sides, please!

VERY STOUT LADY (*as she is pushed up forward*): Ain't this awful?

SAILOR (*who has been sampling green liquor*): Cert'nly ishorful.

CONDUCTOR: Move up forward—on both sides—up forward on both sides.

VERY STOUT LADY (*now jammed against the front of the bus*): I am up forward!

SAILOR (*sizing up her displacement*): Yesh—and you're on both sides, too, aincher, lady?—*New York Globe*.

Wyoming Gossip

WESTERN PAPER.—Gossip is a humming bird with eagle wings and a voice like a foghorn. It can be heard from Dan to Beersheba and has caused more trouble than all the fleas, ticks, mosquitoes, coyotes, rattlesnakes, cyclones, earthquakes, blizzards, gout and indigestion that this United States has known or will know when the universe shuts up shop and begins the final inventory. In other words, it has got both war and hell backed up in a corner yelling for ice water.

—*Boston Transcript*.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Card Sense

"How would you have played that hand?" asked the bridge novice after the "inquest."

"Under an assumed name if I had been you," replied the club cynic cruelly.

And all was once again smiles, good humor and benevolence.

—*Town Topics (London)*.

Keen Practice

"Have you had any experience in salesmanship?" asked a sales manager of a college graduate applying for a job.

"Oh, yes," replied the other confidently. "I assisted for two years in selling the seats for the Yale-Harvard football game."

—*American Legion Weekly*.

Winner at a Glance

ALGY: That vulgah puhsom mistook me for a racing man.

SALLY: How was that?

ALGY: He said that I won the Brown Derby.—*Stanford Chaparral*.

The Threat

Overheard.—"Yus! an' I says to 'im: 'You shove any more water in my milk an' I'll take it down ter the Town 'All an' 'ave it paralyzed by the local Anarchist!'"

—*Pearson's Weekly (London)*.

Hardly a Subject for Inspiration

"How times have changed!"

"Yes?"

"Imagine Rosa Bonheur painting a flock of Ford tractors."

—*Florida Times-Union*.

"LANDRU, known the world over since 1918 as the French Bluebird."—*Evening Paper*.

M. Maeterlinck ought to be told of this.

—*Punch*.



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Naïvism

Little Clara brought a drawing to her Daddy—a drawing comprising a circular scrawl of pencil lines and a dot.

"That's 'ittle Mit' Muffet," she explained.

"But where is she?"

"Ooh! The spider frightened her away!"

And yet they write books on the Cubists!—*Illinois Siren*.

TIRIED WIFE (*to troublesome patient*): Sure, Jim, I'd rather have all the children sick than you.

JIM: So would I.

—*Bulletin (Sydney)*.

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Scat!

BIRTH control? Why, yes, if necessary. But must it be organized? It is so private!

Must Mrs. Sanger and Mrs. Juliet Rublee and Mr. Harold Cox, in the interest of noise and world peace, be licensed to propagate it in the open with flare lights and a brass-band?

Is everybody's family mail going to be loaded up with contraceptionist particulars? Why, that is about as bad as poison gas.

The real question is not whether people shall practice birth control, but whether the law against public diffusion of information on this subject shall be repealed or ignored, and the business of diffusing this information organized, so that nobody need be born whose parents are attentive.

The most conspicuous objector is the Roman Catholic Church, which encourages large families, and holds that birth control is a sin.

The size of families depends upon the conditions of life. Where children are profitable to their parents while they are still young, there are always plenty of children. When they are an expense, there are fewer; the more expense the fewer children. People do not like to bring children into the world who are coming into too hard competition or who will sink in the social scale; so the higher the social scale, the fewer children. Child labor laws and compulsory education shrink the birth rate because they prevent parents from finding a pecuniary profit in children.

Knowledge is power. It is also danger. If we knew nothing we could not sin, but neither could we get anywhere. What little knowledge we have now is obviously a dangerous thing, but the chance of help by adding to it is better than by diminishing it. If we are going to destroy society by knowing too much, society has got to go. It can come back after we have gone, but it cannot live by suppression; that has been thoroughly tried. When folks like Mrs. Rublee and Mrs. Sanger and Mr. Cox come down the road, it is probably best to open ranks and let them pass through. Their great remedy is no panacea, but opposition to them is advertisement, especially when it is furnished by officials of a religious organization. Any church is free to teach what it likes about birth control, but it is not helped in its teaching by calling in the police.

E. S. M.

Calories

SCIENTISTS assert that the consumption of sugar tends to promote emotionalism, which may account for the condition of the young ladies who eat so many pounds of chocolates at matinees.

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Marshal Foch

THE American Legion did everyone a good turn by bringing Marshal Foch here on a visit. He gave entire satisfaction. He came, he saw, he was exhibited and entertained, and he got away alive, and apparently without detriment to his health. France has been lucky in having such a man here while the conference was sitting and everyone's eye was on her. Her Marshal is not only a great general, but a first-class citizen of the world. He seemed to have nothing in his mind that needed to be concealed. The most famous soldier of his day, he is no militarist, but a sound and faithful worker for peace and good-will in the world. One saw in him in all situations simplicity, sincerity and intelligence.

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Insist!
Insist!
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for Coughs and Colds

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35¢ per bottle everywhere

THE SILENT DRAMA
Recent Developments

(The regular Silent Drama department will be found on page 24)

JUDGMENT (*World*)—A highly dramatic depiction of high life in the court of Bloody Mary. It is not well produced nor well acted, but it has a vivid story which is skilfully carried to a smashing climax.

GET-RICH-QUICK WALLINGFORD (*Paramount*)—George Randolph Chester's gentle grafters are reproduced with all their straightforward crookedness in a picture that is not quite as good as it ought to be.

THE BELL-HOP (*Vitagraph*)—Larry Semon spills a bottle of ink on the shiny summit of a bald-headed man, and does other tricks equally ludicrous.

THE LOTUS EATER (*First National*)—John Barrymore in a pleasant fantasy, directed by the inspired Mr. Neillan. It combines humor, drama and romance in almost equal doses.

THE CALL OF THE NORTH (*Paramount*)—The usual amount of mackinaws, half-breeds, strong men, and gun play—without the usual amount of snow. For which, let us give thanks!

MOLLY O (*First National*)—Mabel Normand and Mack Sennett collaborate on a production that displays a great deal of hokum and splurge, but which is only intermittently effective.

A PRINCE THERE WAS (*Paramount*)—Thomas Meighan in a whimsical little story about an affluent young rounder who enters a poverty-stricken boarding house, and there finds the perfect love that he has searched for in vain.

THE SILENT CALL (*First National*)—A German police dog enlivens a conventional melodrama.

THE SHEIK (*Paramount*)—A swift-moving tale of torrid love. Rudolph Valentino as the handsome Arab who conducts his amours on a catch-as-catch-can basis.

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND (*Wid Gunning*)—Dickens' novel is reproduced on the screen by a cast of excellent Swedish actors. It is a delightful full picture, weak only in its continuity.

THE BONNIE BRIER BUSH (*Paramount*)—Pleasant production, staged in a Scottish setting, with some good acting by Mary Glynne and Donald Crisp.

THE ACE OF HEARTS (*Goldwyn*)—An intense melodrama of the "gripping" order, that maintains a strangle-hold on the spectator's attention from start to finish.

THE BOAT (*First National*)—Buster Keaton, in a shipwreck, is not quite so funny as usual.

THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE (*Metro*)—Unquestionably the greatest motion picture ever made.

THE FLOWER OF THE NORTH (*Vitagraph*)—Pauline Starke is sufficient in herself to atone for a large number of shortcomings in this melodrama of the big woods, and she has her hands full.

FOR REVIEW NEXT WEEK—"Fool's Paradise," "Vendetta," "Miss Lulu Bett," "A Man's Home" and "Boomerang Bill." (This, by the way, is the third time we have announced "Boomerang Bill" for review next week. We shall make good now, if we have to run the review on the cover.)

PROHIBITION will work great injury to the cause of temperance. It is a species of intemperance within itself, for it goes beyond the bounds of reason, in that it attempts to control a man's appetite by legislation and makes a crime out of things that are not crimes. A prohibition law strikes a blow at the very principles on which our government was founded.

Abraham Lincoln.

Sure Relief



6 BELL-ANS
Hot water
Sure Relief

BELL-ANS
FOR INDIGESTION

Improprieties

YOUNG LADY (to small boy): Little boy, does your father know that you smoke cigarettes?

SMALL BOY: Naw! No more'n yes knows you talk to strange gennemen on de street widout de proper interdiction.

—Virginia Rec'd.



"Hi! Why don't you look after that child? D'you want him to be run over?"

"Garn! Run over! 'E's only kiddin' 'e's a copper. Can't 'e 'ave 'is bit o' fun?"

—Reproduced from *Punch* (London) by arrangement with the proprietors.

An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

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A Home for Art

ART in America is slowly coming into its own.

The New Art Center Building just opened in New York is owned and managed by the Art Alliance, the Art Directors' Club, the American Institute of Graphic Arts, the New York Society of Craftsmen, the Pictorial Photographers of America, the Society of Illustrators, and The Stowaways. Their excellent exhibition galleries are constantly open to the public. The seven societies are banded together and organized to insure united action by all artists, artisans and craftsmen devoted to the applied arts and the handcrafts. They plan by general educational propaganda to foster and protect the artistic interests of our great nation through an increased appreciation of the value-creating powers of artistic skill and knowledge.

Those friends of art who are interested in this new center and wish to help in an educational movement of such great importance, are invited to communicate with Mr. Wade A. Hayes, Treasurer, 65-67 East 59th Street, New York.

Debenture bonds are now being sold with a par value of Ten Dollars, One Hundred Dollars, and One Thousand Dollars, or multiples thereof, maturing in thirty years. Why not be a friend of art and become a bond holder?

Echoes From the Past

OLD LADY (to druggist): I have here a prescription—

DRUGGIST (wearily, to clerk): Draw one.

A CHAUFFEUR who is used to reverses can shift for himself.



Pompous Physician (to man plastering defective wall): The trowel covers up a lot of mistakes—what?
Workman: Yes, gov'nor—and so do the spade.
—Bystander (London).

"They Gave Me Up!"

"But I Refused to Die"

"If anyone has suffered all that there is to suffer from Bright's Disease and Diabetes, I am certainly the man. Think of going along for years with your blood pressure never under 190 and often up to 260! Think of your blood rushing so madly through your system that you panted for breath. Think of being so absolutely nerve-wracked and run down that the least noise or disturbance would send you into a frenzy of irritability.

"I went through all that—and more. Finally they gave me up—everybody. But I refused to die.

"First, I changed my whole scheme of living. I went on a diet as strict as any man has ever faced. I watched every single little thing that would either help or harm me—and acted accordingly. I willed that I would get better.

"And then I heard of Paradise Water, from Paradise Spring in Maine. Its claims were so strong that I bought some simply to disprove them! I had tried practically every remedy of every sort and I didn't believe I would get any help from Paradise.

"But the very first case of Paradise convinced me that it would help me. So I stuck with it—drank it in large quantities and to the exclusion of all other water. At the end of six weeks, my blood pressure was down to 145, or but 10 degrees above normal. Think of that! And I began to acquire a general feeling of fitness, of peace of mind, of buoyant good health, that I hadn't experienced in years.

"That was about 8 months ago. Since that time, except for several brief periods when I couldn't get it, I have averaged from 1½ to 2 gallons of Paradise Water every day. And I tell you I knew the difference right away when I didn't have it. I feel good only when I drink Paradise Water. I look at it as

Lovely Jane

"I REALLY never make you out,"
He said to lovely Jane.
"Now need you turn away and pout?
I really never make you out.
Although your speech is clear, no doubt,
How can a pretty maid be plain?
I really never make you out,"
He said to lovely Jane.

E. B.

Willie Explains

TEACHER: Willie, what does the word reverie mean?

WILLIE (excitedly): A reverie is like a baseball umpire, only he operates at prize fights.



the best blood purifier, the best internal cleanser, there is—and I say, in all earnestness, that no one who drinks it regularly—sick or well—will fail to benefit thereby."

The above remarkable story is an exact statement of fact. This man is a leading business man in a Middle West metropolis, and if you are interested, we'll send you his name and address.

If you are ailing specifically from Bright's Disease or other forms of Kidney or Bladder Trouble, from Prostatitis, Articular Rheumatism, Feeble Digestion, or Heart and Arterial Deterioration, start drinking Paradise Water today. Your grocer will deliver a case to your door; or if he hasn't it in yet, order direct from us. Also served at drug stores. Comes in Natural or Cabonated, both delightful table waters, in addition to their health-giving qualities. Quarts, pints, half-pints.

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If You Wish to Study This Number of LIFE

Skim it over first rather rapidly to see if there is anything funny in it.

If you find anything you think is funny, don't be hasty; don't rush off and subscribe. Keep cool.

Go over it again more slowly. Maybe the thing you thought funny at first isn't so funny after all.

Now begin all over again. This time examine the pictures and text with some care; there may be a joke lurking somewhere that you overlooked. Remember that while there is LIFE there's hope.

Also, it may be that something you at first thought wasn't funny is now, in the light of more careful scrutiny, quite funny. One never can be certain.

And now comes the final test. Lay the number aside for a few days. If possible, forget all about it. Then take it up with a fresh eye and go over it all again. If there is a real joke in it anywhere, you will now be pretty apt to know it.

And if, after all these tests, you are absolutely sure that it does not contain a single joke, then you are safe. Your course is plain. You can, without fear of the consequences, become a regular subscriber.

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